BEATTYSSECRET By ALAN MUIR.

Wanity Hardware, " "Golden

BOOK ONE.

HAVY BEAUTY S MOTHER.

CHAPTER L

THE NESS IN BEAUTY'S ABSENCE. room had grown darker to a cerwas doubt glass and silver shope as before, the damask was as white m of the flowers as rich, and the minthe sunlight straight from off the onu entside, and lamplight just commdiance on the dinner table had rightness by one ray. And yet the hark r. Everybody felt that. I a aloud, and we all looked round the the walls, and confessed that the ... several shades darker. whispered an old

att man at my side, "when Lady Beauty m -the nom-always!" have were six other men at the table; but as it make two of these fell into discussion Two did theme of Tory and Whig. Two the del not join our conversation. Plainly

many parsons struck off into some conversales high" and "low." How the man par employed themselves I forget, but har there's gentleman and myself were to sart a dialogue of our own; and as plainly an deald mither be interrupted nor overla and I did not know my companion's name: int i fine figure and his cheerful face had amount reads me feel an interest in him, and by to keep up the talk which he had woodnesantly begun, Who new Lady Beauty be?" I asked.

"Visit are a stranger here," replied the old min with a smile which pleased me more thin ever-Lumpsont it.

the very would know who Lady Beauty is. He inner is on everybody's lips." and I said, "generally I pay every lady the tribute of at least one look: an |- mal-1 alid not notice a young woman

my mand continued, with a vivacity which and of his eyes and carved scores of huwinkles round the corners of Handy Beauty is not young-by the all same, that is," Then wine can she be?" I reflected, "Not entit that spare aggressive-looking woman

between you and me and talked of

the higher education of Model friend laughed with great relish. I is her eldest sister."

the samely not that tall, artificial-lookis she an old maid, by the you had such a fine outline and such a replicate bloom upon her cheeks?" Mar feet her; that is the second sister," the answered, with another laugh.

have it" cried I, slapping the table a lit-I my excitement, so that the Whig and ry lanced up, but seeing it was nothing, od their argument. "It was that lady and, with the silver hair, neither, stout din who spoke so clear and low, and would to keep everybody in good humor about her. Pity I sat so far away! I was maying the people near her all dinner time.

Youre," he answered. "That was Lady Prouts and when she left the table she did take some light away with her. You thought you were making a gallant sort of joke applat to the sex generally; but you spoke no truth than you fancied. The room was darker when she left. Darker to me it always is and my old friend breathed a sigh, was a microsted me more than ever. I del not know it was she who carried the

There is her praise," the old gentleman and the does not force her-* And I dare say many days the sun; but when sunset

half away." I said. "I had scarcely noticed

such pleasant paths we entered into a My friend told me many the stout "Lady Beauty," to which I so much that, when we were about table, he took me gently by the fend that, if I had nothing better bet night, and liked a chat and a and would accept a seat in his car-Booty I was too much interested in himas refinmenced, and continued on subsequent evenings, I have here reand I heard it. I offer it here for then of creation who, as they are and life and its best prize, may, - of the gifts God has so choicely them, be not alone the ornale ov of the men they love. In and I respectfully ask them to from "Lady Beauty."

HAPTER IL Y'S MACHARA TEMPLE-THE MISSES TEM-

he forty years ago there fell the other and of this town a large a spacious and splendid, garden. preprietor had lived in it for sixty thomas a man of great wealth-and had transfo, med what was once lamily residence into a mansion, di Juyuries, and surrounded with -, hot houses, vineries, stables, . the lie died, and his hundreds of on of in a golden river of good thew in the north of England; Immediately the asked in our little provincial set: take the Freeches?" for by that the mansion was known. Everyarraid of the Beeches; afraid of its is noble halls, its green houses, with the stables and ceach houses and of its splendid traditions; array to return; afraid of comto the former owner-a poor sickly inter days, but even then such a of his table, such a judge of that with his choice vintages, spect in ghodeners and cooks, of Kettlewell never saw before, yer likely to see again. So the food vacant month after month, er year, haunted by no ghosts exof magnificence, which did ingade through the vast damp the wide stairs, or through the E. 18-16 returning to wilderness Larybody was afraid of We all aid, "The Beeches will

however. There came a little rect, commanding in ber his in her attire. She asked to the west from room to room, With approving eye how glorious meet and sharply she inquired of il there was any reason why the and let, except the alleged one of its of heur. He assured her At this she broke into while haven! "Kettlewell peo-"AV hat rooms for dancing!" What staircases, up and I that she set her own dapper of the lases of the console fournoired, "Admirable, ad-"I shall take this house," no the set her foot on the as she went from room to opening, "I shall take this "dressing room," "morn-"boudoir," "servants' - words of assignment on her went about, and the whole mansion

was allotted to separate uses when she had completed her inspecting tour. She came back into the empty dining room, and the young man who, full of awe, had followed her round the house, heard her say to herself, "O; what a room for a dance." Then he, going out on some errand, and suddenly returning, saw the little dame step down the empty floor in some formal dance, most mystic in his eyes, and bowing with aristocratic grace to some invisible partner. The young man recalled his own hops at the citizens' ball, and wondered what this grave measure could be. But the little lady pulled up all of a sudden, with a whistle of her silks, and repeated for the fiftieth time, "I shall take this house."

"Mrs. Barbara Temple," was her reply when the agent asked her name. She delivered it with decided emphasis, as if the syllables might be pondered; and forthwith she gave orders for many things to be done to the house and grounds, saying that she would come in next month. You may be sure wewere all alive with curiosity to know everything about Mrs. Barbara Temple. She turned out to be a widow-a widow for the second time, we heard-and with three daughters. She had first married an old man of vast wealth, who died when she was twoand-twenty, leaving her with no children and a great fortune settled on her. Next, to avenge herself for the privations of her first marriage, she allied herself to a young ensign of twenty-five, handsome and penniless. With him she lived happily for seven years, during which time she gave birth to three daughters. Then the young officer died; and so, having got a fortune by the first husband and a family by the second, Mrs. Barbara Temple was now making ready to lead the remainder of her life according to her own

The family came into residence on the ast Friday in April, 1858. Nothing was seen of them, you may guess, on Saturday, and everybody was on tiptoe expectation for their entry into the parish church on Sunday morning. Thither they came, regularly enough, like good worshipers, having, by the way, spoiled the worship of everybody beside. First comes my little dame, natty and brisk, and with something in her movements that almost made you fancy she must be a puppet animated by enchantment. Silks, feathers of the rarest sort, a fan-the weather being hot-and her frame braced up into such erectness, that each of her inches was worth two; so Mrs. Barbara Temple walked into church. There was spirit in the eye which went round the building, not with unpleasing boldness, but with most unmistakable courage. There was a vigor in her step which told of a good constitution, and she held her fan in a way that signified temper. Indeed, when the pew-opener blundered over the latch of the door, and kept her waiting in the aisle, she dealt one glance at the woman -one only-but what a rebuke was in it! At sight of the flash, old Sparkins, the doctor, who had been watching the new-comer he might catch the next; and he dropped into his prayer book like a bird shot in mid air, trying to look as if he had seen nothing since Three daughters came behind. The first

impression they gave us was of a profusion of rich dress, chosen and worn with taste which was simply faultless. The next impression was of taliness of figure; the more conspicuous for the tiny dame who led the way. The third impression was of beauty, set out in style and fast ion such as our little town could not rival; and we did not think ourselves provincial in any but the geographical sense. After this, we had time to judge and praise the beauties girl by girl. Girl the first, walked with a mincing step, and a toss of her head which, though strictly within the limits of good breeding, was noticeable and significant. Clever she looked. too, and her eyes were clear gray, eyes that could search you-and did search you-reading your face with great rapidity and apprehension. She was the most striking figure of the three, being very tall, and with splendid shoulders. Her face, it is true, would not bear much looking into; and had you taken it feature by feature, as the children were taught to break the fagot in the fable, you might have proved it a poor face enough. But taken in its wholeness, and set upon that superb bust, it was a face which I should not have recommended a young fellow to gaze at too long unless he meant matrimony. And then her dress-her dress! O, never tell me that a woman cannot double-treble-her looks if she has money in her pocket and taste

But the next was prettier; indeed, pretty was not the word appropriate to a woman who was unquestionably handsome, who knew her beauty and was proud of it. The second Miss Temple had a nose of most exquisite shape, large melting eyes of gray, ready to turn blue, and she had a lovely mouth, perhaps with a little too much of the chisel about it, too finely finished, wanting in expression, and with a slight hint of disdain carved on its fine corners. Beauty, professed beauty, confessed beauty, and clad to distraction; so she glided into her pew, and we had time to consider girl the third.

Girl the third! Shall I ever forget her face, then in the first sweet flush of youth! Shall I ever forget the light that shone in those deep serious eyes!-the thousand possibilities of tender or delicate expression that seemed to hover around that mouth, ready to alight and unfold themselves whenever summoned! had been thinking a thousand frivolous and misplaced thoughts, but something in this face restored me by the most delightful of recalls to the mood of a worshiper. Never, never, outside heaven. shall I see such a face again. It was like the dream of a painter, and he a painter whose fancy had drunk of some celestial stream of feeling and idea, until he had caught on his canvas a face which had in it all that could be heavenly in a thing of earth, and all that could be earthly in a thing of heaven. Laugh not at me, neither call me irreverent, if I say that one could have fancied her some painted Madonna descending from the walls of a church, taking human form, and wearing modern vesture. On this; girl vesture gave you no hint of fashion; her countenance etherealized her attire, so that she might have been wearing an angel's floating drapery instead of the last Paris fashion. But I see you smile; and is not every rare emotion bound to hide itself, lest, being seen,

Those eyes could shine with earthly or heavenly love. In each case it would be love deep, pure, intense, with not a thought of evil on its white and living page. That mouth could kiss as daughter, or mistress, or mother, and which kiss would be sweetest who could foretell from one who seem

perform every womanly duty in the most womanly way? In her look there was something neither of age nor youth, but of what I should try to describe as fullness; the meridian of the nature when the early and the later sentiments meet, in equal strength, the simplicity of youth, the graveness of serious life. She was fair, and her hair light brown; and i saw a trace of a little foot as she turned into her pew. But when she knelt and covered her face, I did the same quite unconsciously. It seemed right after the vision of

CHAPTER III.

THE FORTRAIT OF A LADY. That week everybody called upon the Temples. The universal impression was favorable, and we all rejoiced over so vivacious an addition to our society, and already the question was flying from lip to lip among the ladies: "Whom will the Misses Temple marry? That on the grounds of social position and education the new comers would stand high amongst us was not doubted for s moment, while their easy fortune was proclaimed by their dr. ss. the furniture of their house and their manner of life generally. Each successive visitor had something new to tell. One remarked how finely the furniture ornaments were fancied. Another marked the glories of the harp and the piano. "The pictures are lovely," said a third; "not a poor one on the walls!" And carpets, and oilcloths and the coloring of the walls came in for commendation in due course. All of us were delighted with the lively conversation of the

the briskness with which she uttered it. Nor was one of these praises undeserved. The drawing room of the Temples was a charming contrast to most of those around. Ease, cultivation, liveliness, whatever is choicest in social intercourse, seemed to pervade the very air and you felt as you entered the room that you had passed into a region where refinement reigned supreme. The Temples were, somebow, above us all. We felt it, and with increasing diffidence, as we realized our inferiority, was the question asked, "Whom will the Misses Temple marry?"



But old Sparking, who was our shrewdest head by a long way, hearing this question asked at Miss Whiffin's house one afternoon. remarked, with a comical face to fix our attention, that we had not disposed of the mother yet. Surprising that so natural a thought had not suggested itself before! Mrs. Temple, as we understood, had been married very early, and our most competent female critics declared that she could not be more than forty-five, or, rather, I should say, they put it that she could not be less. We had several widows and spinsters of ripe years, and these agreed that forty-five was still a marrying age; indeed, some of the ladies declared that it was the best time of allan opinion in which Sparking concurred with much vehemence and solemnity, only the old fellow was caught winking slyly at a confidential friend immediately after, which aroused some suspicion. That Mrs. Barbara Temple might be married before any of her daughters, that she was yet an attractive and marrying woman, we all admitted. There was that in her manner with men which told that she had not yet abandoned either the hope or the methods of conquest; and it was plain to us all that less likely women are married every day of the year. Besides, the fortune was ners-absolutely-as we had discovered on undoubted testimony; and since the fortune could not be less than three thousand a year. we began to see that for the present it was likely to be the prize in our next matrimonial race. So, having settled this in our minds we proceeded like rational beings to choose a husband for the animated widow; and with scarcely a dissentient opinion, we came to the conclusion that our rector, the Rev. Anthony Brent, would be the happy man. We were not altogether wrong in this conjecture, as my story shall disclose. But Mr. Brent does not emerge on our historic page at

Let me tell you here that, in the course of a long life, I have never met a woman who could match Mrs. Barbara Temple. Cleverer women, handsomer women, wittier women I have met in scores; but the secret of Mrs. Barbara Temple was her utter and hearty love of this present world. Of this present world she was, I believe, the sincerest and most unquestioning worshiper that ever lived. She put no strain upon herself to become what she was; she quenched no aspiration and repressed no misgiving. Worldliness was the simple honest expression of her natural disposition and her judgment on affairs: Never religious devotee was so completely inclosed in a creed as she. For, indeed, it was a crood, and a life, too, and Mrs. Barbara Temple loved the world just as a flower loves sunlight; she obeyed a law of her own nature. But the cheerfulness with which she obeyed it; her unquestioning faith in the power of the world to satisfy every want; the absence of suspicion that there could be any higher motive in life, or, indeed, any other motive at all, and the cheerfulness and alacrity with which she followed out her convictions, made her of necessity a vigorous and original character. All that makes what such people call "the world" she longed for and prized. Accomplishments, money, taste, health, the good opinion of society, these, and a thousand kindred matters, she regarded as severally constituents of happiness, to be sought with the utmost solicitude every hour of the day. She was grateful to the world for being what it was to her-an ever-running

fountain of desire or pleasure. Have I sufficiently sketched her figure? Will a few strokes more make her a clearer image in your mind's eye! She was short, as I have said, trimly built, perhaps a trifle too stout, but that might be disputed. Her nose was rather large, but finely cut, like her second daughter's, and she dressed her brown hair in short ringlets, which well suited the style of her face. Her color was good and high enough to make people ask questions, and her eyebrows were not free from suspicious traces of making up. Her dress was always rich and admirably suited to her figure and years; for she was careful to look full forty-five. She avoided all absurd affectation of youth, and although a kind of sprightly dancing step, which she often fell into, might have seemed rather a fault in this direction, most of us considered this gait nothing but surplus vitality acting on a frame so light and plump that it seemed made to skip, e lwar di like a ball.

CHAPTER IV. FIFTY AND FORTY-PIVE.

Our little town of Kettlewell had inhabtants to the number of ten thousand, and three churches; but of these latter, two were what at that date were called district churches, and the great ancient parish church was the ecclesiastical center of the town. Like many another such noble structure, it was but poorly endowed, and the rewards which it offered to its minister were chiefly the contemplation of venerable architecture and a social position of considerable importance. The saying always was that none but a man of fortune could be rector of Kettlewell. Consequently, at each vacancy the bishop was in a difficulty. Rich men he could find, able men he could find; but to find one rich and able, too, was not so easy, and at the last appointment, being unable to meet with a clergyman thus doubly qualified he had chosen a wealthy parson of rather meager abilities, who was now our spiritual chief. The Rev. Anthony Brent was a cheerful man, undersized, with a merry nose of ruby, and a countenance denoting neither deep learning nor that isolation of character which is natural in men who live above the world. Indeed, Mr. Brent did not live, nor affect to live, one inch above the level of commonplace cheerful life. He told us from his pulpit that human things are frail and nothing worth, and that man is full of misery; but having folded up his sermou, he seemed to have folded up his theology too, for when you met him on week days he was full of comfort and good cheer. Perhaps we are fastidious people; perhaps we are ignorant; certain it is that we never could quite satisfy ourselves that Mr. Brent was altogether a gentleman. His manners were no better than a blithe lissom creature such as he might have picked up in ten years between twenty-five and thirty-five. He had a way of alluding to "my gardener" and "my banker" which seemed to show, so Sparking said-Mr. Brent employed the rival practitioner-that some time in his life he had nother bank nor garden. It is very possible that had he not been so good natured, his vulgarity might have been obvious, which it never was; for, indeed, we could not be quite sure that he was vulgar at all. Another thing puzzled us; where had his fortune come from! He was very wealthy and a widower, and our idea was that Mrs. Brent had brought the girls, and we marveled unanimously at Mrs. money. This, too, was guess, and nothing but guess. Such, then, was our rector; a

man liked, but not greatly respected, and yet a man whom none could condemn or fairly despise; a shallow man, equal to reading his newspaper, and no more; on good terms with the world, able without any strain of conscience to preach mintly surmons, copied out from standard divines, and at the same time live an easy average life; a comfortable man, with good intentions, sound digestion, a full purse and cellar, and one who never let his lt was the reverend widower Brent whom

we upon consideration had assigned to our lively Mrs. Barbara Temple as third husband; and events went rapidly to show that our

forecast was not inexact. Mr. Brent was

about fifty: Mrs. Barbara Temple was well

known to be about forty-five; so that on the score of age there was nothing against the match; and as to inclination, the rector soon made it evident that there was no obstacle on his side. Everybody remarked that he took the Temples up with remarkable warmth. He gave dainty little lunches and snug little dinners for them; and he was forever calling in his carriage to take one or other of the girls a drive, the little mother attending as chaperon. At first we were in doubt as to which he was pursuing-mother or daughters; and we even thought that grave Sophia, with ber heavenly face, had attracted him; but we forgot that he was a man, of some common sense. Mrs. Temple was his choice; her wivacity, her polish, her knowledge of the world, her untiring energy, were all after his own heart. He soon began to drop hints, as men do who have matrimony in their heads, "Mrs. Temple was a remarkably fine woman." Forty-five was the exact age that the wife of man of fifty should be the exact age." "Mrs. Temple did not look forty-five" (he admitted that), "but"-and he would drop his voice—"he knew she was every day of it." The intimation was that he had either seen the register of her baptism or she had told him the fact direct, and he declared over and over again, with amusing earnestness and publicity, that forty-five was the age he approved of: that for a man of his standing one year younger would be one year too young, and one year older one year too old. Of course so far he had not said that he hoped or wished to marry Mrs. Temple, but the drift of his conversation and conduct was unmistakable. In the meantime it was evident that the lively widow did not dislike attentions which had now become so marked that even those saw them who could see nothing. She exchanged compliments freely with the rector, invited him to her house, praised his sermons, and she was actually found one evening at a missionary meeting over which he presided. She listened to his speech with the utmost attention, sitting erect, and keeping her eyes fixed upon him, although it would have been hard to say whether she knew or cared less about the subject. She could not have told in which continent the district spoken of lay, nor whether the people were white, brown or black; had been hearing of dear relations in a far-off land. In short, with garden parties and lunches and dinners and drives, things went so far that we all considered the matter settled: and when we heard that no proposals had yet been made, we all agreed that there must be a tacit engagement, which, for some private reasons, was not just yet to be avowed. To all intents and purposes, we regarded Mrs. Temple and Mr. Brent as affianced; and, on the whole, we approved of our rector's choice. Certainly we should have liked a lady more interested in religious affairs; but then, we argued, it was much better than if he had

married a young woman. So, balancing matters, we accepted the event with satisfac-The rector was in ecstasies. He was in his element, dancing attendance on these four brilliant women; and really a careless observer might have been puzzled to tell which of the four he was pursuing. In the most polished of hats, the newest of suits, the most faultless lavender gloves, and looking all over a comfortable ecclesiastic, he would flit around them, glowing and beaming with satisfaction. The girls, for their part, accepted his civilities with charming freedom; and their mother-shrewd woman-never manifested the smallest jealousy. In this beside proving her own good sense, she paid her admirer a compliment which he fully deserved; for he looked upon the three girls as daughters already, and was fond of them in the most parental fashion.

"Ah, Mrs. Temple," he said one day, when he was getting hot, as the children say in their hide-and-seek game, "I have but one child-a son, a dear good fellow, away in Australia. I always longed for daughters. Whereupon Mrs. Barbara Temple turned full upon him one of her keen looks, which said: "I understand," but a good humored look all the time; and then she broke into little bland laugh and made herself more comfortable in her seat, for they were driving. The rector was just going to propose then and there; but it happened that the carriage, speeding down the dusty road, met the carate, who was footing it home from some remote part of the parish, where his had been visiting a sick old woman. He signeled the carriage to stop and addressed the rector:

"Old Spearman is dying," he said. "Poor Hannah Spearman!" the rector replied, shaking his head. "I have known her many years. Poor Hannah Spearman!" "Polly," the curate remarked-"Polly

"Of course, it is Polly," the rector rejoined "In visiting about a parish like mine"—he turned to Mrs. Temple—"one's head gets so full of Pollies and Sallies and Billies that one is apt to take the name that comes first. I am sorry for poor Han-Polly. But what can you do in a case of natural decay?" "It is not natural decay," the curate answered, with a waggish dryness in his manner. "She fell down stairs."

"To be sure she fell down stairs!" little Mr. Brent cried, reproving his faulty memory by a gesture of his gloved hand. "How came l to confound the two-complaints?" "Perhaps because you are suffering from third," reto rted the curate. He loved a joke and had before this broken a jest on his own

bishop. And our rector was a tempting ob-

ject, being not apt to take offense, and not one to inspire great respect or fear. The carriage drove on: but for once litt Mr. Brent was downright angry. "Rather an impertinent speech," he said glancing diffidently at Mrs. Temple. "Impertinent!" cried easy-humored Mrs.

Temple. "Nothing of the sort." "Milligan has no sense of propriety." She gave a little laugh. "I like Mr. Milligan."

view of the matter, reddened with pleasure, and gave himself up to laughter, which lasted until the tears were chasing each other down his rosy cheeks. But somehow the proposal was not made that day. Predisposing Causes of Pneumonic.

At this Mr. Brent took heart, changed his

It is a well-known fact that the disease attacks the poor oftener than the rich, the private oftener than the officer, the sailor on shore oftener than on ship, the soldier oftener than the civilian at the same post. It is unknown in the polar regions and common on the Mediterranean, increasing in a direct ratio from the poles to the equator. Elevation above the sea predisposes to it; north and east winds favor its development: rainy seasons or damp and marshy districts do not seem to influence it. Periods of steady and extreme cold have little effect upon the old, but sudden changes are very disastrous.

The first predisposing cause is age, the disease being most common in early childhood, from 20 to 40, and after 60. The proportion of male to female victims is as three to one. Any general condition of the body which debilitates is a predisposing cause. The complications which render the disease so dangerous are those which diminish the nerve supply or weaken the muscular power of the heart. Bad sewerage and miasmatic influence are potent causes of the disease,"-Professor A. L. Loomis.

NEW-FOUND MEN IN GREENLAND.

The Discoveries of a Danish Exploring Party-Report of Capt. Holm's Travels. A few weeks ago an exhibition was opened in Copenhagen, showing the dress, hunting and fishing implement and other rude arts of a hitherto unknown people. It is composed of the collections of Capt. Holm, who, with his three white comrades, returned to Denmark late last fall after a so journ of two years in East Greenland.

This coast is very difficult of access or account of the great icy fields that are usually packed against it. Graah succeeded fifty-six years ago in following it north, in spite of great hardship, from Cape Farewell to 65 degrees, 15 minutes north latitude. The German north pole expedition, sixteen years ago, reached the coast still farther north, and mapped the rugged shore line for over 600 miles north of latitude 70 degrees. Nordenskjold three years ago touched the east coast at two points south of the seventieth parallel, but his visit was too brief to add many facts to our knowledge of the country. It remained for Holm to extend the explored coast regions from Graah's furthest north almost to the point where the German discoveries begin, and to spend one winter among people whose almost complete isolation from the world and their unique and primitive customs make them unusually interesting subjects of study.

Capt. Holm discovered that the inhabited portion of East Greenland is divided by a long, desolate stretch of coast into two sections. This desert region marks the northern limit of Graah's journey, and it is almost impassable either by land or water. This accounts for the fact that the people who live north of it are almost completely cut off from the world. A few adventuresome travelers among them have made the dangerous boat journey to southern waters within the past five years. It takes them two or three years to reach the Danish settlements near Cape Farewell and to return home. Holm went north with a few of these travelers, only one of whom. however, would consent to accompany him in August, past the uninhabitable space whose southern edge they had reached. The others preferred to wait until the following season before they essaved the last hazardous stage of their journey. The natives living south of this desert space annually send trad-

North of the barrier Holm found a far more pleasant country than the inhabited districts south of it. The southern natives have four settlements, and number, all told, about 250 souls, while the northern natives have two settlements. with about 450 inhabitants. Here Holm spent the winter of 1884-85, among natives who had never before seen a white man. Their stone huts were grouped along the shores of the great flord Angmagsalik, into which, in summer, seven streams of water flow. These little rivers are rich in salmon, and the natives live on fish, white bears, and walrus.

Walled in here by formidable glaciers and ice fields, utterly ignorant for centuries of the outer world, these poor creatures have nevertheless benefited by some of the resources of civilization. Holm was astonished to find that, although they had never seen a tree, their lance shafts were made of wood and their arrow heads of hoop iron. He learned that now and then some fragments of a shipwreck or an iron-bound box or cask were cast upon their shores, and these boons, coming to them from they know not where, have greatly aided them in the struggle for existence.

Holm's West Greenland interpreter was of little service. Like Graah, these later explorers had great difficulty at first in communicating with the east coast natives. They differ from the west coast Esquimaux not only in speech but in physique. They are tall and rather slender, with long, oval, and often attractive features, presenting quite a contrast to the squat stature and round, expressionless faces of the typical Esquimaux. Holm says also that they are neater in their habits than the west coast natives, and that their skin garments are often ornamented with pretty embroideries. Their huts, weapons, and household implements are strikingly similar to those of the west coast natives at the time when the Norwegian missionary Egede preached the gospel in Greenland 150 years ago. The few West Greenlanders who accompanied Holm were at first in great fear of their pagan brethren, and believed that three men, who later proved to be among the best friends of the expedition, were plotting to mur-

der the party. One large hut on the Angmagsalik flord contained fifty natives. Near this large household Holm's party spent the winter. They were hospitably received, and were the objects of great attention and curiosity. From all the hamlets up and down the flord, and from Sermiligak still further north, the natives flocked to see the wonderful strangers. As soon as Holm could converse with them he found that their simplicity and sociability greatly assisted him in his ethnological labors. The mass of information he obtained about their language, their legends, their usages, and religious ideas will soon be published in detail.-New York Sun.

The Railway Bridges of the World. The largest railway bridge in the world is not that opposite Montreal, but the Ponte Maggiore at Venice, crossing the lagoons in 314 spans of a total length of 3,580 meters. Great Britain, however, can claim the two next largest, the Tay bridge and the St. Lawrence viaduct, and our country the fourth, the Ohio valley bridge at Parkersburg. St. Louis and Brooklyn come eighth and ninth; but the most expensive structure of that sort in the world is said to be the iron bridge at Pongabuda, East India, resting on piers that had to be erected on the yielding soil of an almost bottomless swamp. -Dr. Oswald.

Mr. Routledge, the publisher, states that the cheap novels of the late Lord Lytton reach a much higher sale than those of any other author. In one year 80,000 copies of the sixpenny editions of Lord Lytton were sold. Harrison Ainsworth came next with 62,000, and Capt. Marryat followed with 60,000, while the tales of Dickens, published at sixpence, reached 48,000. The other well-known authors are much below these figures.—London

What Is Said of the Nettle. A Belgian botanist has published a treatise, 250 pages long, on the stinging nettle. According to the author a long life would be needed to acquire all the knowledge to be gained from this humble plant. "Even then, it may be presumed, the next generation, with improved methods of observation and research, would find as much work to do." The chief interest of the stinging beetle to botanical students is in its microscopic anatomy.-Foreign Letter.

The Inspiration of the Moment Let me tell you, my son, what the "inspiration of the moment" will do for you. It will thrill you to your very soul. It will make your heart beat high and your brain whirl in a very maelstrom of eager excitement; it will burn and throb with earnest thoughts, noble ideas, generous impulses mightily born of the great occasion, of the lights, the music, the applauding multitude, until your very being quivers with the life of the pent up eloquence that is struggling to escape. And right there the "inspiration of the moment" will leave you. Right there the thrilling and the throbbing and the whirling and the burning and the quivering eloquence will go on, and keep going on, but it won't come out. You will have all the glowing colors there, and if you knew how to lay them on the canvas you could paint a picture that would live in men's hearts for centuries. You have only to say about 1.000 words, and if you only say the right ones and say them in the proper order, they will be graven as with a pen of iron upon the brain and soul of the nation. You have only eight notes to arrange, and the song you sing will linger while the sun shines and the flowers bloom.

But in all this orderly arrangement so essential to success the "inspiration of the moment" plays little or no part. When the "inspiration of the moment" opens your valves, all your pent up eloquence comes tumbling out, like a pied newspaper form falling down stairs. The type are all there from garret to sidewalk, but nobody, not even the printer who set them up can read them. The "inspiration of the moment" sometimes tells you how to say it, but only once in a century does it tell you what to say. And you are not liable to live 100 years, you know.-Burdette.

Training Geese, Pigs, and Monkeys. "Nearly all animals may be taught to perform tricks," said William Conrad. the clown of Barnum's circus who trained the little elephant Tom Thumb to such perfection. "For some time this winter I was engaged in teaching a flock of geese to do many curious things of even a more surprising character than Blitz ever taught his canary birds to do, but just as I got them fairly broken in and under way, they fell sick, and nearly all died. As it was too late in the season to break in another flock and begin over again, I abandoned the my attention to breaking some other

I am now putting a pig and monkey through their finishing lessons, and will have them both ready in time for our opening, provided the monk' lives. Monkeys catch cold so easily that generally when they have been taught to do tricks, they quietly turn up and go where all consumptive monkeys go-to the taxidermist. The pig I have just trained to perform the same things precisely as some of the fine-bred horses do in the rings, called a "manege act." The pig, while ridden by the monkey will kneel, walk on its knees, waltz, leap over hurdles and bars, rear up on its hind legs, go through a series of high stepping, posing, bowing everything, in fact, that is done by a horse, all the time being guided by his rider, the monkey.

"Next season I shall not only train a flock of geese but a large number of sheep also, and if I succeed with these l shall try some other kinds of animals for I believe with patience and kindness any kind of gentle animal and bird, and even snakes, may be taught to perform tricks.-New York Sun Interview.

The Cost of a Golden Ashbox. A golden ashbox is a rarity, and so one finds himself interested in this bit out of Meignan's "From Paris to Pekin." Says this writer: "I will refer to the cigarash receptacle, where the smokers in the salon drop the ends of their cigarettes. according to the Russian custom, after a meal, composed of a pure nugget of gold worth 1,600 pounds sterling, and just in the rough state in which it had been found in the mine. The czar has permitted, in an exceptional case, M. Kousnietzof to retain possession of this nugget in his house on account of the rarity of such a godsend. The proprietor of this treasure did not omit to inform me that having this precious receptacle for thirty years he had lost not merely the 1,600 pounds sterling, but also the interest-2,400 pounds sterlingand that consequently this luxury had cost him 4,000 pounds sterling."-Exchange.

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